

BOCHE "AT HOME"
RUDELY SPOILED
BY YANK GUNNERS

French Villages and German Occupants Blasted
Clean Off Map

EVERY HOUSE IS HIT ONCE

But Perhaps the Captain Meant
Twenty Times—And a Few
More, Too

Through various towns and villages from Chateau-Thierry on beyond Serres for many weeks past the German Army had made itself at home.

These various villages had a double appeal as old homesteads for the German hosts. To begin with, they are located in one of the most beautiful sections of France, where the Boche could watch the morning sun and the gray twilight swing out across valleys and hills not to be surpassed for color and sweep. In the second place, these villages offered something more than the mere comforts of home. They offered shelter and safety from any hostile battery. So up to the last fortnight it had been the German custom, when under fire, to seek cover in the nearest village, knowing that the French, with their offensive not yet ready, naturally had no desire to shoot up and destroy their own homes and firesides. At that date the French were planning no sudden advance, so there was little to be gained by destroying a French town when that location was not yet ready for an assault.

Simple German Calculation

The German has a most methodical mind. He is a great believer in habit and custom. Since no one had been shooting up the towns where he was claiming refuge from gunfire, he began to believe that no one ever would. It was all very simple. Here was a happy home and a sheltered harbor always within a jump or two when trouble started. When the guns opened fire on the fields or woods, the German had his haven for shelter right at hand.

But now, from Chateau-Thierry on beyond, there is a line of battered, shattered and demolished French villages that day by day were cluttered with German dead. These villages told a story of shattered dreams. The Boche had forgotten, in his calculations, that some day the French and Americans might desire to launch an offensive of their own, and when this moment arrived no move would be overlooked in driving the German back.

So, on a certain day, with the Boche scattered in the fields and woods around Vanx, the usual and casual shell or two fell around his outlying positions. There was also the usual and hurried rush by every German in the vicinity towards the safety and shelter of French walls.

On to Next Village

Whereupon, something happened. In place of desisting for the day, a line of Yankee batteries, all poised and primed, waited for the signal announcing that German detachments were concentrated in the town. The second this signal arrived, a mighty blast followed from every variety of gun at hand, big and little, and almost before the line knew that he had been double-crossed, his dead and dying were resting under shattered walls and battered stone.

Still uncertain as to what had taken place, the Germans took the startled remnant left and hustled briskly on to the next village, where they related all phenomena of their mates, who gathered around to hear the cause of their retreat.

While considerable disgust, according to prisoners, was expressed over the action of the Americans for their conduct in shelling a French town that had almost seemed like home to the Hun. American Artillery, orienting officers were busily engaged in locating the exact co-ordinates of the second town for the next fusillade, while American guns were coming into position.

While the German party and debate was at its height, another series of crashing blasts followed and another French village was soon a wreck of demolished walls and German slain.

It was after this second gunfire episode from American batteries that the Hun finally decided the old days were over. He understood then that the first artillery blast was not an accident or a mistake, but a deliberate effort to chase him out of his French shelter, even if the shelter had to be pulverized in the process of things. It was sad news for the German to know that due to the "unsportsmanlike" American, he was no longer safe and sound under French roofs.

Boche Changes Plan

After this, the Boche changed his plans slightly. He no longer attempted any concentration of men in the various villages along his retreat, but left rear-guard parties with machine guns to wipe out any infantry advance. The machine gun detachments, now with the same fate. It was only when the infantry, with its way blasted ahead for several kilometers, rushed forward faster than the guns could travel over the wet, heavy roads that the Artillery was unable to continue the same assistance.

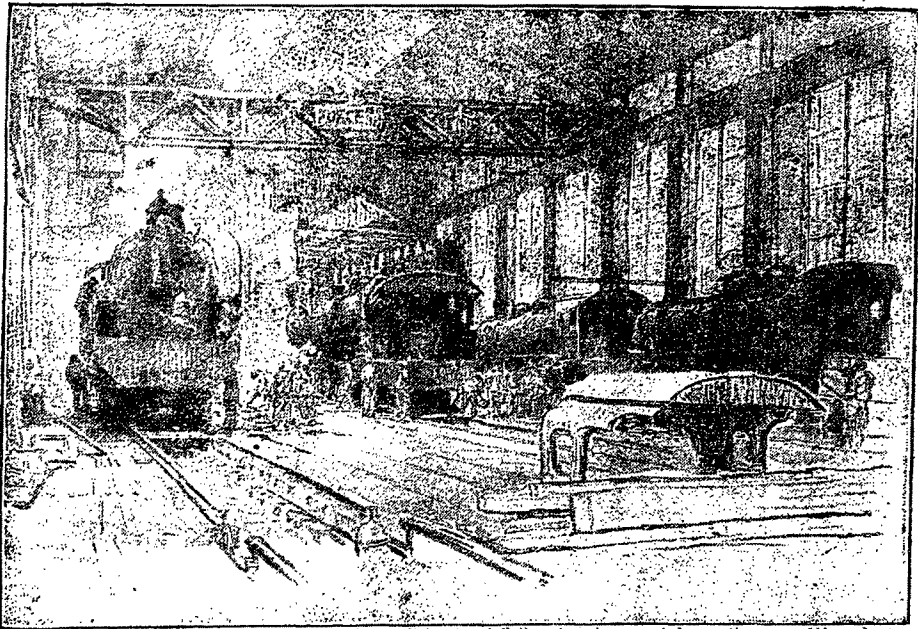
In one town that we came to, remarked an Artillery captain, "we found ten Huns and two machine guns imprisoned under battered walls. They had been waiting to shoot up our infantry, but a rain of big shells soon put an end to this pleasant dream. None of them was badly injured, but not one was able to dig his way out in time to escape."

ORDNANCE MEN HELP OUT

There is an Ordnance office not many miles from a certain hospital where, by some mischance, everybody does not smoke. But the non-smokers draw their tobacco ration just the same. A few days ago a little group from the office arrived at the hospital and distributed at least a hundred sacks of tobacco to many patients.

In fact, there was so much tobacco in the lot that it is hard to believe that just non-smokers contributed it all.

SIX A DAY IS THEIR JOB HERE



[Drawn by Capt. Ernest Peizotto, A.E.F., at a base port locomotive assembling plant.]

THREE HUN PRIVATES
IN YANK HORSE DEAL

Stallion With Mean Eye
Strikes Blow for Cause
of Allies

POILU FIGURES IN BARGAIN
And the Eight Chevaux Get Loaded
Even if a Report Does Have
to Be Made Out

If you were out in the wilderness of France all alone with eight stallions and three big buck privates of the German army and your task was to transport the stallions to a far distant supply depot with no one else to help you but the three big Boches, what in this wide world would you do?

It happened the other day. It happened to a private of the A.E.F. This private is on the roster of a certain F.A. outfit who solemnly swear that their present duty is to take care of all the horses bought in France by and for the A.E.F. Many details go out daily to fetch in horses from all parts of France.

It so happened that the private in question was detailed to fetch into a certain depot via rail eight horses that had been bought the day before. Arriving at his destination, he sought out the same six which were billed his eight chevaux. He discovered that they were all he chevaux and that one of them had a bad look in his left eye. He disregarded this, however, and soon was riding the one with the bad eye and leading the other seven.

Loading Problem Next

The chevaux were yet to be loaded on a car. Just how he was to accomplish this alone the private knew not. While he was wondering just how he should go about it, there came along the road a French buck private with three loaded buck privates. This was quite a conglomeration of buck privates; there were enough of them to load on the chevaux, the private of the A.E.F. realized, and immediately he went into action.

Putting Fritz to Sleep

The last cheval was just being loaded. It was the one with the bad eye, when something happened. Old Fritz, who had been out and planted his rear left foot in Fritz's eye and Fritz went to sleep. The American private and the remaining two Boches finished loading on Dad Eye, and they did it with caution, too, and then they buried Fritz.

After the American private had delivered his eight chevaux over to the proper authorities, he turned over his prisoners to the nearest M.P. and made out the following report:

CHEVRONS BOSS BARS

There are times when even a captain has to heed the command of a non-commissioned officer.

In the Soissons region a young Minnesotan (the captain) and his company had advanced seven or eight kilometers. A machine gun opened on them and the captain was hit in the hip. He could go no farther; he couldn't walk. A corporal of his company was badly wounded, but he had seen the captain hit. He said he could get the captain back.

He commanded a group of German prisoners (one a Red Cross man who dressed the captain's wound), got a board, placed the captain on it and made the Germans carry him.

They started, but had not gone more than a mile when a shell burst in their midst. The Germans were knocked down, and either killed or badly wounded. One of the corporal's hands was badly torn, and the captain's left leg wounded so severely that it has since been amputated below the knee. He suffered other wounds, for the doctor found a total of 12.

He told the corporal to give him a cigarette and a pistol and to go on himself.

"You're my captain, but this is one time I'm not going to do as you say," replied the corporal. Forthwith he went off, carried more H.C.s, got another rifle, and returned.

The captain today is alive and recovering. The corporal probably is, too.

GOODBYE

Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye.
We're on our way to France.
The pier for the dance.
To starboard and to port.
Our paint-patched convicts toss.
Grim thunderbolts in rainbow garb.
We join a path across.
Our guns are slugged and set.
To smack the U-boats eye.
God help the Hun that tries his luck—
Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye.

Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye.
The decks are deep with men.
We're going out to God knows what.
We'll be back God knows when.
Old friends are at our sides.
Old songs drift out to sea.
Oh, it is good to go to war.
In such a company.
The sun is on the waves.
That race to meet the sky.
Where strange, new shores reach out to us.

Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye.
A long and weary while.
Through all the drab and empty days.
Remember us and smile.
Our good ship shoulders on.
Along a lane of foam.
And every turn the sea is red.
Is farther still from home.
We'll miss the things we left.
The more the white miles roll.
So keep them till we come again.
Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye.
Stewart M. Emery, A.E.F.
At sea, two days out.

MUST COPY TELEGRAMS

A certified copy of every official telegram originating in France and destined to points outside France, except Great Britain, must be forwarded by mail at the end of each month to the Chief Quartermaster, A.E.F., A.P.O. 717, by the office in which the telegram is prepared.

This order, according to Bulletin No. 22, does not apply to transatlantic cablegrams. It holds, however, whether the telegram was filed at a French or Signal Corps telegraph office. The certified copies will be held until the receipt of the French government's bill, when they will be checked against the bill, which, if found to be correct, will thereupon be paid.

This action has been taken to provide at once of checking and paying bills received from the French government for telegrams transmitted over lines beyond their jurisdiction, such as messages addressed to Spain, Italy and Switzerland.

TWISTING THE MEANING

"The kitchen's been an awfully orderly place ever since Blinks was made mess sergeant."

"Yes, and ever since Blinks was made top, the orderly room's been in a hell of a mess."

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Little Yellow Men Sing to
Accompaniment of
Tomato Can

Add to the list of indigenous and persistent A.E.F. instruments of musical torture—to the uke, the bazooka, the "bainjo," and the golden bugle—yet another: the Chinese guitar. It has made its appearance in nearly every camp in the S.O.S. area wherein Chinese laborers are employed.

Its construction is as fearful and wonderful as its sound. For its head it has an empty and somewhat cleaned-up tomato can. For its bridge it has a piece of planking. Its string seems to be of the veritable feline intestine, but the music it emits is hardly that of a feline. The low has a corresponding stirred of the feline intestine, or, in horsehair, strung between the two ends of a barrel hoop.

Armed with one of these formidable contrivances, the heathen Chinese, on his back, goes wandering about the camp with a beatific smile on his moonlike face, extracting the two notes which the instrument is capable of producing and adding some weird notes of a native chant out of his own head. "Throw all your voice up into your nose, New England fashion, and then try to sing 'Wan-ah-heeh-ana, wan-ah-heeh-ana' as long as your long-suffering companions will let you; then you will have some idea of the ecstasy inflicting power of the Chinese guitar, coupled with the Chinese voice."

WHEN THE WOUNDED ARRIVE

"The first thing they got," said the doctor, "is something to eat—good stuff, you know. Then they get a bath—have a hose turned on them. And then they go on the operating tables. Usually, the other brings up the meat, but we don't mind that. Neither do they."

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A.E.F. VILLAINS IN
CAMERA MELODRAMA

Mess Sergeants Have First
Call; Buck Private Is
Hero, of Course

Equipped with a once excellent motion picture camera, a roll of light-proof film, a portable set that represents the old mill by midnight, and a temperament that makes her the camp in every production, a magazine-cover illustrator from the States has come to France to put on a new kind of show on the Y circuit.

It's been some time since we said goodbye to Esie Janis. The parting was cruel. There was a big vacancy on the A.E.F. stage. Then—in walked Neysa McMein.

Neysa McMein does all those fancy magazine pictures, and gets more money in a year than two colonels. She knows, furthermore, how they stage and take photographs. So she came to the A.E.F. with the original animated cartoon, "Gertie the Dirty Dinosaur," and with this as a starter, is giving lessons in movie-making, most recently in the Toul and Verdun sectors.

Gertie, it must be remembered, was a sort of pre-historic reptile, the ancestor of the modern lounge-lizard. A lot full of Yanks view her antics. They seem to be graceful like Gertie. Then Miss McMein summons her director, Miss Bully, her stock heroine, Mrs. Wilcox, and a couple of huskies put up the old mill. Volunteers are called for to turn the crank. The hero, and to be the villain. Whiskers, makeup, heavy eye-brows, etc., are carried in stock and snow-storms, chee-ids and other props are furnished as the play may require.

Mess sergeants are said to make excellent villains and buck privates good heroes. Miss McMein vamped until she was all in lost, when she storms from her stage and gets a cup of chocolate. The Y is ready to furnish amateur A.E.F. theatrical outfits with costumes, make-up, and other portable paraphernalia by special arrangement. Would-be thespians should see their local hut-bout it.

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